

WOMAN MRS. BRADLEY

Morbidly Curious Watch Her Every Move at Morgue.

BREAKS DOWN WHEN ALONE

After Coroner's Jury Had Found Her Guilty and Brown's Body Was Taken Away, She Starts in Closed Carriage to a Cell in Jail Behind Her Victim's Hearse.

Mrs. Annie M. Bradley was committed to the District Jail by a coroner's jury after a brief inquest held at noon yesterday in the city morgue. Mrs. Bradley was present, but did not testify. She remained in the courtroom only a few minutes.

Heavily veiled and dressed in deep mourning, Mrs. Bradley left the house of Detention shortly before 11 o'clock and accompanied by Mrs. McCloud, the matron, and Sgt. Gallagher, was driven in a cab to the morgue. She was escorted to a private room where she remained until the hearing was called.

Inside the court room, officials, attorneys, and the curious who had gathered, eagerly awaited her appearance. When she finally appeared a stillness pervaded that was particularly noticeable. All eyes were on Mrs. Bradley, the only woman, except the matron, in the room. As she descended the stairway leading to the stuffy quarters where the coroner and jury awaited, the prisoner was escorted by J. E. Leckie, one of her attorneys. The door was opened and Mr. Leckie stepped back to let his client enter.

Shrinks from Public Gaze.

Glimping first at the half hundred curious faces staring her square in the face, she hesitated for a moment and then walked to her seat. She was pale and her face bore an extremely sad expression. In her dark brown eyes there was a look of great mental agony—worry, nervousness.

The entering of the courtroom was perhaps the greatest ordeal in the history of the little woman's life. She knew what to expect, but she could not prepare to unconsciously bear the gaze of the curious. As she stepped quickly to the chair awaiting her, there was an expression of despair on her face. There was not a soul in the room she had ever seen before. Every one was an entire stranger, except the matron and counsel. She seemed to feel that she was without a friend in the world.

Surrounded by her attorneys, George P. Hoover, Robert W. Wells, and Mr. Leckie, and with the matron beside her, Mrs. Bradley took a seat directly in front of Coroner Nevitt. Just to her right sat the six men who were to render the verdict almost without moving she sat gazing at the officials before her. She said not a word during her time in the courtroom. Twice she was requested by the coroner to judge her veil for identification.

Once Attorney Leckie spoke to her in a low whisper. She made no answer, but she evidently understood. Behind her were the curious, filling the seats and the available standing room. Their eyes were riveted on the woman's back. She could not see them—the curious—but she knew they were there.

Appears in Mourning.

Mrs. Bradley was dressed in black. The dark veil and black satin skirt had been sent for during the morning, as it was her desire to appear in mourning at the inquest.

Josephine Kidwell, the maid at the Raleigh, was the first witness called from an adjoining room. She had heard the shots on Saturday, and quickly told the elevator boy to notify Manager T. J. Talty that there had been a shooting affair in one of the rooms.

The examination of witness was short and to the point. Once counsel for the defense attempted to ask Miss Kidwell a question, but Coroner Nevitt refused to heed him, and called for Mr. Talty.

He was probably the most important witness before the jury. He said that he had hurried to the room, and upon opening the door found Senator Brown lying upon the floor.

"That woman did it," Brown said, pointing to Mrs. Bradley, according to the testimony of Mr. Talty.

He asked Mrs. Bradley if she were the wounded man's wife. She said that she was not. He then ordered her to leave the room, but when she appealed to him and

stated that Brown was the father of two of her children, he allowed her to remain. At one point in the proceedings Coroner Nevitt asked Mrs. Bradley to raise her veil.

With a slight quiver of her hands, Mrs. Bradley complied. She kept her face uncovered only a second.

"Is that the woman who was in the room?" Mr. Talty was asked.

"It is," he replied.

With the veil withdrawn she looked the witness straight in the eye. There was no hesitancy, no backward action in her gaze. The officials, the jurymen, and all in front turned their eyes in the direction of the woman. But she looked at no one except the witness, and as Talty answered to the question "Is that the woman?" she dropped the veil once more.

E. C. Owens, clerk at the Raleigh, who was on duty at the time of the shooting, was called, and told of his being summoned to room 28, believing that some one had committed suicide.

Called the Police.

When he entered Senator Brown's room, the injured man said: "We have had it out, and this is the result." Mr. Owens then gave details about calling the ambulance and the police.

At this instance Mr. Leckie stated that Mrs. Bradley did not wish to be heard at the trial. A second later she left the room, accompanied by her attorneys and the matron of the House of Detention. Going to a private room upstairs, she awaited the verdict of the jury. She had been informed in advance, however, what the decision probably would be.

Detective Burlingame gave testimony about interviewing Mrs. Bradley the day of the shooting, after she had been taken to No. 1 precinct police station. The woman told him that Brown was the father of two of her children, and that he had refused to marry her. Mrs. Bradley said to Burlingame that she had brought the revolver from Salt Lake City, and that she had owned it for some time.

Dr. Charles S. White, of the Emergency Hospital, related how Brown was brought to the institution and the operation which followed. He also gave an account of the patient's condition at various times during the four days.

The autopsy was performed in the morning previous to the inquest. Deputy Coroner W. L. Glazebrook told of the post-mortem examination. He believed that death of the man was due to the gunshot wound.

The case was then given to the jury. After a short deliberation the members announced the verdict and held Mrs. Bradley for the action of the grand jury.

The coroner's jury was composed of Frank K. Raymond, foreman; David Moore, William A. Foy, J. E. Jesse, S. Porter House, and James Cunningham.

Mrs. Bradley Views the Body.

Before the jury had reached its decision, Mrs. Bradley viewed the remains of the man she had slain, as it lay on a marble slab on the second floor of the morgue building. She was accompanied by Mrs. McCloud, the matron, and several of her attorneys.

It was the first glimpse she had had of the face of Senator Brown since the fatal shot was fired in his room at the hotel. As she drew near the body the woman hurried. She seemed eager and anxious to get the last glimpse of the man she had so dearly loved in life and whom she had killed.

Supported by the matron and with tears in her eyes, she looked long and earnestly at the face of the dead statesman. She made no demonstration and said absolutely nothing.

Curious Still Watch Her.

In the street just under the window was a small gathering, still endeavoring to catch a glimpse of the woman's form or features. Occasionally she looked down upon the handful of people, but she did not pay much attention to them. She made no attempt to keep from their sight, and several times stood within full view. Her veil had been raised, and those of the curious who remained were repaid for their efforts, and they saw the woman's sad, troubled face only a few feet above. She still looked anxious though she wanted to appeal to the world for sympathy.

As Mrs. Bradley sat at the window the body of the late Senator was placed in the waiting undertaker's wagon. As the horses started and the vehicle rattled over the cobble pavement bearing the remains of the other principal of one of Washington's most noted tragedies, the other principal leaned toward the window and followed the van with her eyes until it disappeared around a corner. She did not cry, but there were tears in her eyes. After the black wagon had gone from her view she continued to gaze out of the window with the eyes of the crowd still following her every movement.

A few minutes afterwards a private carriage, called by her attorneys, arrived and she made preparations to be taken to her new quarters—a cell at the District Jail.

Surrounded by Lawyers.

As the cab was surrounded by the crowd, Mrs. Bradley appeared with Mr. Leckie on the one side, and Mrs. McCloud, to her left. Immediately behind her were her two other attorneys, Hoover and Wells.

She stepped quickly into the carriage and sat with her back to the driver. The matron followed her into the hack, and with Policeman L. R. Emmert in charge, and Attorney Hoover and Leckie, the long drive to the jail was begun.

The curtains were closely drawn and once more the frail little woman was hidden from the view of the world. The carriage, with dark horses and closed blinds, bearing the woman who had committed the deed, started slowly along Water street. Preceding it by only a few blocks, and traveling a trifle faster, the undertaker's wagon continued on its way with the body of the dead Senator.

Mrs. Bradley said little concerning the affair on the way to the jail. Arriving there she was turned over to Warden Harris, and escorted to her cell by the

matron, Mrs. McCloud, of the House of Detention, remained with her awhile. After a time she bade Mrs. Bradley good-by and left. The parting between the aged matron and the young woman held for a murder, was pathetic. Though their acquaintance had only been of five days' duration, they had become friends.

Mrs. Bradley dreaded to see the matron leave her among strangers, and behind the dark walls of her new prison.

Locked behind prison bars for the first time since her imprisonment, Mrs. Bradley cried like a child last night in her cell at the District Jail, and longed for the company of her children. Until last night she had been in rooms at the police station and at the House of Detention, and with a matron as a companion.

But conditions had changed last night. The man she had shot was dead, the coroner's jury had held her for action by the grand jury, and she had been placed in a cold, damp cell in the government jail. And besides she was locked in and there was no comforting matron on hand every few minutes to answer her wants and to try to quiet the brain of the distracted prisoner.

Mrs. Bradley occupies cell No. 4 in the woman's ward. This is on the east side of the District Jail, at the extreme eastern limits of the city. Through the bars in the distance she can see the old Potomac and the country which spreads out beyond.

As Mrs. Bradley entered the immense brick building with bars at every entrance and every window, she glanced at the surroundings and was apparently on the verge of a breakdown. She was supported by Policeman Emmert, and her attorneys succeeded in consoling her. When the strong barred gate closed with a click and a rattle of bolts around her, and as she realized that she was in the custody of the government officials, she cried for the first time after leaving the morgue.

The desire for a real friend or some one to pour out the troubles of her heart appealed to Mrs. Bradley last night more than ever before in her life.

"If I could only have my children here," she said, over and over again.

While her condition is not serious, she is being attended regularly by a physician. She cried herself to sleep last night on the small, hard cot. During the night she could be heard to moan.

"Oh, for my children. If they were only here. They would know. If I only could have my children."

MORBID FLOCK TO MORGUE.

Crowd Surrounds Building Nearly All the Day.

During the entire morning and early afternoon a morbid crowd surrounded the morgue building. Men and women from every station in life, from the old Irish "biddy" who expressed her prejudiced views for the edification of all those present, to well dressed young ladies, who were both bold and shy at the same moment, morbidly anxious to see the principals and what was going on, and yet evidently not wishing to be seen in the crowd.

A number openly expressed a desire to view Brown's remains, and all were eagerly watching for a glimpse at Mrs. Bradley. Their curiosity was in a measure satisfied when Mrs. Bradley was escorted to the carriage awaiting her, and the light fell full on her face through the heavy black veil.

Her face showed no emotion, but was tensely drawn, and had a feverish flush. The small boys there, merely because there was something going on, and a crowd was promised, looked on with interest, but were stopped by the bicycle policeman on watch.

BEAUTY GONE; ACTRESS CRAZY

Stuart Robson's Sister Threatens to Leap from Fifth Story.

Fading of Her Charms Drove Her from Stage and Preyed on Her Mind—Taken to Bellevue.

New York, Dec. 13.—Standing in the center of her room on the fifth floor of the Hotel Normandie yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Mary Stuart Robson, an aged actress, and sister of the late Stuart Robson, went raving mad. She barricaded the doors to her apartments and threatened, if any one attempted to enter, to cast herself from the window to the street below.

Shortly after Mrs. Robson retired to her room Tuesday night, she appeared in the hotel office in her bare feet and scantily clad. The housekeeper took Mrs. Robson back to her room.

All during the time the woman maintained her barricade a number of policemen stood guard on the sidewalk in front of the hotel to warn pedestrians to keep out of range in case the actress threw herself out of the window.

Shortly after 8 o'clock last night arrangements were made to remove Mrs. Robson to Bellevue hospital for examination. She consented to accompany a policeman, with the understanding that she was going to seek an engagement on the stage. She was hastened away in the hospital.

Rudolph Otto, who said last night that he had once been the personal representative of Stuart Robson, was willing to guarantee payment on all bills contracted by the unfortunate actress. Mr. Otto said:

"I have known Mrs. Robson for many years, and have had great respect for her. Her husband before his death held a position in the firm of Teft, Waller & Co. Her brother, Charles Stuart Robson, was a well known actor in the city."

Mrs. Robson forty-five years ago started her stage career. She was but a child, and then like a flower she bloomed out into perfect womanhood. Her remarkable beauty charmed great audiences in all parts of the country. She played leading parts with the greatest actors of her day.

Mrs. Robson often told her friends that with the passing of her beauty she would lose her reason. With the fading of her remarkable beauty came the lack of employment. After being compelled to retire from the stage, Mrs. Robson lived with her brother, Stuart Robson, until his death. When Robson died it was found that he had had a little weakness, which had necessitated the shifting up of the luxurious apartment in the west end of the town.

Two Secure Divorces.

Justice Gould yesterday granted Eugenia Rollins an absolute divorce from William T. Rollins, also giving her the custody of the daughter, Jessie Velina, born August 29, 1889, and decreeing \$15 monthly for the maintenance of the latter. The Rollins were married in this city November 7, 1888. An absolute divorce was granted by Justice Gould to Jennie Whelan from Joseph Whelan, the decree ordering that the petitioner's maiden name, Jennie Gallagher, be restored to her.

Gets Statue of Thomas F. Bayard.

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 13.—A fine statue of the late Thomas F. Bayard, the first American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, the property of the Bayard Memorial Association, was today presented to the city of Wilmington and formally accepted by Mayor Horace Wilson. It is to be erected in Rock Creek Park spring. It was made in England by an American artist.

DRINK BRINGS DEATH

Mrs. Amelia Fossum Takes Poison by Mistake.

THOUGHT IT WAS BRANDY

Was Nursing Mother, Who Had Been Prostrated by Death of Husband. Acid Ends Helpless Woman's Life Before Doctor Could Give Her Relief—Gets Hold of Wrong Bottle.

Mrs. Amelia Fossum, thirty years old, living on South Dakota avenue, Woodridge, met a tragic death about 8 o'clock last night, while at the home of her mother, Mrs. George J. Freitag, of Langdon, D. C., by swallowing a quantity of carbolic acid from a bottle which she supposed contained brandy. Death occurred before medical aid could be summoned.

Mrs. Fossum was called to the Freitag home last night to care for her mother, who was bowed in grief and suffering from nervous prostration because of the death of her husband, Mr. George J. Freitag. The death of Mr. Freitag left Mrs. Freitag a nervous wreck. She was being attended by Dr. George S. Dorsey, and to-night the physician called to ascertain her condition.

Gets Wrong Bottle.

Shortly after his departure Mrs. Freitag had a fainting spell, and she called for her daughter and asked for some brandy. Mrs. Fossum went hurriedly to search for the stimulant, and without noticing the label on the bottle took what she believed to be brandy. Having undergone a severe nervous strain, she felt the need for a stimulant also, and drank out of the bottle containing the poison.

Mrs. Fossum screamed in agony and fell to the floor. One of her two children, a little ten-year-old girl, heard the mother's cries and ran to the home of Dr. Dorsey, who lives in the neighborhood. When the physician returned to the Freitag home he was horrified to find the dead body of Mrs. Fossum outstretched upon the floor, and Mrs. Freitag was lying half unconscious in the adjoining room.

Cannot Revive Her.

The ordeal for the physician was difficult and his efforts to revive Mrs. Fossum, while heroic, were unfruitful. After working over her for half an hour he pronounced life extinct. The police and coroner were notified.

Shortly before Mrs. Fossum's death, arrangements had been completed for the burial of her father, Mr. Freitag, a well-known citizen, who died yesterday after a brief illness.

FIGHTS FOR BAY SHORE LINE.

Frank D. Zell Files New Suit in the Case.

Another chapter in the litigation over the Bay Shore Terminal Company, a short railroad near Norfolk, which is proposed to extend to the Jamestown Exposition, was filed yesterday by Frank D. Zell, of Philadelphia, the owner of some of the bonds, who presented in the Supreme Court a petition for writs of mandamus and prohibition to prevent the confirmation of the sale of the road under foreclosure proceedings to a syndicate.

The case has been in the courts for more than three years, and Zell once before brought similar proceedings in the Supreme Court on appeal from the refusal of the Federal Court in Virginia to permit him to intervene. There is also an injunction pending against Zell restraining him from prosecuting a suit in the Federal Court at Philadelphia, which has the same object in view. He also asks in his petition that the injunction be set aside, and he is relieved of a charge of contempt in that connection.

The Supreme Court has already passed upon the main question involved, denying Zell's right to intervene, but took under advisement the petition presented yesterday.

DROWNS TRYING TO SAVE SON.

Lashes Child to His Back, but Both Perish in Flood.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 13.—With the body of his five-year-old boy firmly tied to his own, the corpse of Charles Headrich has been recovered from the Headrich River, one and one-half miles below McCoy's. Headrich and his son were drowned on the night of November 18. A sudden flood caught them within a small house near the river bank and escape was entirely cut off. The drowning occurred at McCoy's, a town in Polk County, near Benton, the county seat.

The supposition is that when Headrich saw there was no escape from drowning except a possibility of swimming ashore, he tied his boy to his back and fastened him there by several strands of stout rope and plunged in the water, a heroic plan and a brave effort to save the child at all hazards. The father failed, and father and son died together.

CAT SHOW COMES TO GRIEF.

Woman Sick Anti-Cruelty Society on Rat Killing Feature of Event.

Chicago, Dec. 13.—The Anti-Cruelty Society broke up a good cat show at the exhibition of the Cat Club, yesterday. The judges had arranged to decide the merits of the cats upon their ability to destroy rats. The rats were to be turned loose and each cat timed in the contest.

Many women exhibitors objected, but they were overruled. The women left the floor when the rat killing was to begin and took to the galleries. Several of them complained to the Anti-Cruelty Society, and just as the slaughter was to begin the law stepped in and saved the rats. Two judges resigned with the comment:

"What in the dickens is a cat for if not to catch rats?"

No Jurisdiction Over Religious Body

Alameda, Me., Dec. 13.—The governor and council to-day decided that it had no jurisdiction to investigate conditions alleged to exist at the Home of the Holy Ghost and Us Society, at Shiloh, which Rev. Frank W. Sandford is the head.

Train Robber to Serve Twenty Years.

Marshall, Mo., Dec. 13.—Jesse Clyde Runney, who robbed the Alton-Burlington train on November 25, and the Rock Island limited on November 8, both near Glasgow, Mo., pleaded guilty here today and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

Negro Fears He Will Be Lynched.

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 13.—William Henry, colored, who is under arrest at Lebanon, Ohio, and is wanted in Knoxville, Tenn., has asked Gov. Harris not to extradite him. He says he believes that if he is sent back he will be lynched. He is charged with killing Charles Buckner, a white man, but claims he did it in self-defense.

Herald Want Ads

will be received at Kener's Pharmacy, Ninth and S sts. n.w., and promptly forwarded to the main office.

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"The Daily Trade Record"

—published in New York—is a trade paper giving the news of the Clothing, Furnishings, Woolen, and Hat trades. Its information is intended for merchants in these lines.

For a long time it has urged the desirability of "trading up" in qualities, combined with price—not "profiting up", that is, raising the price but not the quality, as some dealers have done.

The following appeared in "The Daily Trade Record" Dec. 12, 1906:

\$20,000 to \$50,000. Its maximum. Washington, D. C.—To Increase Salaries of Government Clerks 20 Per Cent.—Firms in our lines are much interested in the report that President Roosevelt will send a special message to Congress advocating a 20 per cent increase all along the line in the salaries of the Government clerks. The increased cost of living in Washington is the reason for the increase in salaries.

Should the President's suggestion be favorably acted on this may possibly lead to the withdrawal of Saks & Company's special \$10 line, put in to meet just the situation which favorable action on the President's suggestion would remedy. It is further possible that Saks & Company's prominent announcement on the subject in some way attracted the attention of the President and led to his making this happy suggestion.

We shall not withdraw the \$10.00 Suits from sale in the event that the increase of salaries should be asked for by the President, and granted. Because we know now, from numbers of men who buy that priced suit, and who have told us so, that many are "glad they can buy of us."

We have pledged ourselves to sell as good a suit at \$10.00 as can be found anywhere else at \$12.50, and we are going to carry out our promise, whether it be done at a profit or a loss.

Special Suits and Overcoats . . \$10.00 to \$12.50
Our own make Suits \$15.00 to \$43.00
Our own make Overcoats . . . \$15.00 to \$50.00

Penna.
Avenue

Saks & Company

Seventh
Street

HORSE HAS DEAD DRIVER.

Animal Goes Along Street with Owner Sitting Upright in Wagon.

Somerville, N. J., Dec. 13.—As Joe Codington, a member of the Somerset County board of freeholders, was driving to his home in Warren Township yesterday he met on the road the wagon of Henry Hurlick, a groceryman of Warrenville. He halted Hurlick, who was sitting in an upright position in the wagon with the reins in his hand, but the driver failed to answer. Codington got out and stopped Hurlick's horse, and on investigation found that Hurlick was dead.

The startling discovery was made at the spot where the dead body of George E. Williams, the Watchung grower, who was murdered two years ago, was found, and at first it was believed that Hurlick had met with foul play.

COLLEGE WILL SELL ARSENAL.

When Negro Students Give Up Arms, Faculty Gets Load of Contraband.

Oxford, Pa., Dec. 13.—South American revolutionists and members of Black Hand societies may be bidders for an arsenal of assorted weapons which the faculty of Lincoln University wants to dispose of.

There have been many fights recently between the two hundred colored students in the institution, and to prevent further trouble, an order was issued that any student found carrying weapons would be expelled. When the students laid down their arms, the faculty had several baskets full of revolvers, razors, knives, and dirks.

KANSAS' SPEED DISAPPOINTS.

Battle Ship Does Not Equal Record Made by the Vermont Recently.

Rockland, Me., Dec. 13.—The new battle ship Kansas, the fourth of her class to be tried over the Rockland speed course, was given her official standardization trial to-day and made an average speed of 18.123 knots an hour while she was on the course. This does not come very close to the fine speed shown by the Vermont, a sister ship, a few days ago. The best time was at the rate of 18.3 knots, after allowance for the favorable tide had been deducted. The trial board found that it would require 120.5 revolutions per minute to send the ship ahead at the rate of 18 knots an hour, which is the contract requirement.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR